

## Baby This Blows 'em All Away by moonflowers

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**Summary:**

"Okay," Billy nodded, tapped his fingers along the steering wheel, "glad we got that all straightened out. Now, are we gunna fuck when we get back or what?"

In which Steve goes monster hunting, but brings home something much easier on the eye than a demodog.

## **Baby This Blows 'em All Away**

### **Author's Note:**

Getting Billy a little more fancied up is a thing I've been thinking about for a looong time. Also there's a few posts about glam Billy floating around - I think mainly from @trashmouse - that give me LIFE and fuelled that fire, so here have this self-indulgent mess. I've gotten too used to just floof, this was a struggle.

Title from Van Halen's Why Can't This Be Love.

The place was a fucking dive. Billy wasn't altogether sure why he bothered to go - he was too much of a pussy to actually dare to pick up a guy all that often, too worried his dad would somehow, against all the odds, find him out. Which would be pretty damn unlikely, considering he'd made the trip out of Hawkins to the next town over, a good forty minute drive, and it would be more or less impossible for him to get caught out.

He guessed it was his own kind of quiet fuck you to his old man, in part. And hey, he enjoyed flirting, the chase. It was a nice change to actually mean some of the shit he laid on thick for the girls at school, directed at a good looking guy instead. It wasn't very often he went beyond talk though, even if it was starting to get harder - or not as the case may be - for him to get it up for the girls he took out. But sometimes he just needed to get his dick sucked in the bathroom or the back of a car before he fucking imploded, sue him. So yeah, that was why he bothered to go there.

He just wasn't feeling it that night though, the place was fucking dead. Shame really, to get all dressed up for nothing. Who was he kidding, he looked good and he knew it, and that always lifted his mood a little, hook-up or not. Still, it was a quiet night for whatever reason, no one there even tempting enough for him to let them stroke his ego a while, for him to bat around a little before leaving them hanging, so he made to go home earlier than usual. But something stopped him. He couldn't have said what; the night was cool but milder than he'd felt for ages, the sky dark and clear and lit with

stars, and just maybe he didn't want to head back and shut himself up alone in his room just yet. In no real rush, he stopped to have a quick smoke outside the back door of the club before going back to his car. He'd just lit up, lighter still in hand and cigarette hanging from his lip when -

"Hargrove?"

#

"El said there's only five of 'em," Steve said, peering out at the dark road between the front seats of the car, Jonathan driving and Nancy on the passenger side, "so we should be okay, right?"

"Mm," Nancy said, twisting the borrowed hammer between her fingers - they couldn't risk the sound of a gunshot in such a built up area, "if they're as weak as she thinks, then yeah."

"Still," Jonathan said, and Steve didn't miss the quick, concerned look he shot Nancy as he spoke before his eyes were back on the road, "we gotta be careful. Small or not, those things are..."

"Bitches?" Steve finished.

Jonathan gave him a twitch of a smile through he rear view mirror. "Yeah."

Even after El had closed the gate a few months back, there was still the odd rip between the worlds that opened up every now and then and let something through - reports of strange animals in the woods and people's backyards, of missing cats and dogs - and a group of them would go out and mop them up. These were the furthest demodogs from Hawkins El had found yet, the next town over and a good forty to forty five minute drive away. It was worrying that they were spreading so far; the one consolation being that the further away they got from Hawkins, the smaller and weaker they seemed to be. Not much of a fucking comfort, but one Steve would take. He, Nancy and Jonathan had volunteered to go and take care of the latest pack to cross their radar, taking the latter's car and leaving the others behind. Obviously no one was about to let the kids do it, so Joyce had stayed behind to wrangle them, and Hopper had other shit to

deal with, mostly cutting through red tape in aftermath of the stray pack they'd taken out the night before.

"Turn right here," Nancy touched Jonathan's shoulder.

"Okay," he nodded, and took the sharp left down the side street where Nancy had directed him. Things were better than Steve had thought they could ever be between him and Nance and Jon. Now they'd sorted out their shit and knew where they all stood with each other, he actually got on with Byers pretty well, which the him of a year and half ago would've found hilarious.

"See anything?" he said when they pulled up around the back of a butcher's, and swung open the car door.

"Not yet - shit!" Nancy stumbled back, hammer raised, Jonathan rushing around the front of the car to her side.

"Shit shit shit," Steve eyed the group of demodogs rummaging through the contents of a tipped over dumpster behind the butcher's shop, gripping his bat ready. They did look smaller than usual, lanky and thin, but any confidence that might have given him disappeared when the closest one noticed them, lifted its fucked up face and screeched. Yeah, turned out they were still creepy bastards, no matter the size. It jumped at them, and Steve swung the bat and took it out with one hit. A fucking lucky hit. He was a little shaky when he stepped back from its body, Nancy's hand fisted in his jacket.

"Good shot."

"Thanks."

"What are they doing?" Jonathan's question made them both look up to the rest of the pack, the four of them cringing away like they'd been kicked, grumbling warily at them.

"I don't know," Steve hefted the bat again and tried to look threatening. He didn't trust the fuckers further than he could throw Hopper.

One of the demodogs made a noise he'd never heard them make before, a high, urgent sort of chirping. It must have been a signal for

them to run, because they seemed to know they were in trouble and took off, three springing up over a brick wall behind them, and one scooting back towards where Steve, Nancy and Jonathan were standing, rushing off back down the way they'd come.

"Fuck," Steve span around, but they were already out of sight, "we can't let them get away."

"Yeah," Jon said, looking torn over which way to go.

"Steve, you go after the lone one," Nancy said, taking the reins, "me and Jonathan'll get the others, okay?"

"Sure," Steve swallowed, nodded, "I got it."

"Don't do anything stupid." She meant it fondly, said it out of genuine concern, but it still stung a little bit.

"Yeah, yeah," not wanting to waste any more time, he took off after the lone 'dog.

He managed to keep it in sight, but infuriatingly out of reach, through a network of dirty-bricked back alleys, but after stumbling or taking a corner too sharp one time too many, he lost it. Breathing hard, he came to a stop by the back entrance of some shitty looking club, bent over to catch his breath, and wondered where the fuck the little bastard had disappeared off too. If he didn't find it again quick, he'd have to radio Nance and meet back up with them to decide on the next move. He straightened up, cursing the strange fucking turns his life seemed to keep taking, to see someone lighting up by the back door. Just in case, he tried to shift the bat behind his leg a little - the last thing he needed was some tough guy catching sight of it and thinking he was looking for a fight. There was something in the way the person was leaning against the wall that looked familiar; the slope of their shoulders, the tilt of their hip. And when the little flame of the lighter flared up and lit their face, there was no mistaking it.

"Hargrove?"

Because crap, that was definitely him. Though what the fuck he was

doing all the way out there almost an hour out from Hawkins at one in the morning, Steve had no idea. They weren't friends, not really, but they were sort of okay with each other now. They nodded tightly when they passed in the halls, actually managed to play as a team in basketball instead of exclusively against each other. He'd apologised to the kids apparently, and altogether seemed like slightly less of a giant douchebag. Once, they'd shared a smoke - even though Steve didn't really do it anymore - when they'd crossed paths up at the quarry early in the morning, both dealing with shit they couldn't talk about that kept them from sleeping. They hadn't said much at the time, and sure as shit hadn't mentioned it since, but Steve had thought about it a lot in the meantime.

"Harrington?" He sauntered out from the shadows then, and oh. He looked... well, he looked like his usual self, but just a bit *more*. Jeans tighter - though how that was even a physical possibility, Steve had no idea - leather jacket on and shirt missing altogether, more spray in his hair and more rings on his fingers, earring catching the glow of the dingy streetlamp overhead, and... well, the lighting was shitty, but he'd swear he was wearing a little make up. *Fuck*. "Didn't have this pegged as your sort of hang out."

"I - what?" Steve's brain was a good five minutes behind his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"People only come to this dump for one thing, Harrington," Billy said, smirking around the cigarette. "Though I never dreamed you'd be one of those people."

"What are you talking about?" he was still staring at Billy, dimly aware that he really should have been searching the shadows for the missing demodog instead of studying the vee of Hargrove's hips.

Billy watched him closely, wheels turning, mouth opening in an incredulous grin, like he couldn't believe his own good luck. "You don't know what this place is, do you?"

"Uh, should I?"

Before Billy could answer, two guys practically fell out of the back door, one head to toe in leather and the other not wearing much of

anything, ducking in for a kiss before they made their way down the alley Steve had come from and back to the street. Oh. Oh.

"Wait. Are you - ?"

Before Steve could even finish that thought, the missing demodog bounded over the alley wall, landing a good distance away from them, but still, *shit*. Steve was surprisingly quick to focus, halfway used to the whole song and dance by now, and made towards it. He heard Billy swear behind him, thought fair enough - his own reaction the first time he'd seen something from the Upside Down had been decidedly worse - but then he risked a quick glance back at him, only to see a second 'dog that must have slipped away from Nance and Jon, not two feet away from Billy and hissing menacingly.

"Shit," he span, and stumbled across to where Billy was gaping in disgust at the creature at his feet, swinging his bat into its head before it could strike. On the edge of his vision, he saw Billy dart away, and thought it was probably for the best, although he was dimly worried he'd go blabbing about it. He gave the demodog another hit, just to be safe, heard a click and a cry from the second one, and turned to take care of it. But someone else had beaten him to it.

Its dead body was right at his feet, head bashed in and not much more than a mess of goop. Steve blinked, looked up to see Billy standing right next to him, close enough for Steve to see the honest to God glitter on his cheek, right alongside a dark smear of demodog blood. His cigarette was clamped tight between his teeth, bloodied brick in his hand as he snarled down at the dead 'dog.

"What the fuck?" Steve gaped at him, grip on the bat gone slack in shock. The sight of him made Steve's stomach jolt, and not with fear or nerves or anger. Billy was easy on the eye, a fact Steve had been growing uncomfortably aware of lately, but now; glittering, sweaty, primed up to within an inch of his life, and hands dirty from fighting off the demodog about to sink its teeth into Steve's face... it was something else.

Billy just shrugged and tossed the brick aside, frowning at the spatter of Upside Down goop on his jacket before looking back to Steve. "It

was going to take a chunk outta you."

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"...Right. Thanks."

Harrington was still staring at him, mouth gaping like a goddamn fish, both of them spattered with gross gooey stuff from whatever that thing was, all up his arm and hand from where he'd smashed it with the brick. Chunks of creature were still clinging to the nails on Harrington's bat, and ugh God, he hated that thing. Fuckin' Max. They were both breathing hard despite the shortness of the tussle, Harrington's chest rising and falling quick under a fucking pink polo shirt. A good fight had always gotten Billy's blood up, and this one had been next level, made him sort of want to grab Steve, shove him and bite at him a little - a thought he may have entertained once or twice before - but he was kept in check by the fact that there were more pressing things to worry about. It helped when Harrington visibly shook himself back to reality.

"Shit." His voice was rough and cracked, made Billy's knuckles tighten as he balled up his fists.

"You okay there, pretty boy?"

"Yeah, I - " Harrington paused when his attention caught on the pair of dead things on the ground. "We can't leave them here," he said sort of to himself, appearing to think it over a moment before hesitantly saying, "I really don't want to ask this, but d'you think you could you give me a hand getting them back to the car?"

He was looking at Billy as though he expected him to refuse, which Billy was pretty close to doing, because he had a fucking shedload of questions about what'd just happened. Even more unexpected, was the urge to get on Steve's good side and stay there, of wanting his approval and not wanting him to leave so soon. But he couldn't just roll over and agree, so instead he curled his lip, asked, "what's in it for me?"

Harrington narrowed his eyes, gave Billy a not very discreet once over before looking back towards the club. "You keep my secret, I



keep yours."

Billy laughed, loud and honest and pleasantly surprised. "Well played, King Steve." He took a quick drag from his smoke before he put it out, bent to scoop up the closest dead thing. It was heavier than it looked, dense bones and sinewy muscle, and smelt like fucking death warmed over then cooled down again. He wrinkled his nose against it, and looked back to Harrington. "Where to?"

"Uh," Harrington ducked to haul the second dead thing into his arms, shifting under its weight and balancing the bat awkwardly. "Just follow me."

"Yeah, quick question first."

"What?"

"What the fuck are these?" he waved the limp body of the dead thing in Steve's direction, its tongue? part of its head? lolling grotesquely.

Harrington suddenly looked tired as hell. "Later. Just come on."

"Fine, suit yourself," Billy said, "better be a fuckin' good explanation."

"It is," Harrington promised as they set off along the alley, taking a number of twists and turns until Billy'd lost his bearings, eyes on the breadth of Steve's shoulders as he followed. Something was nagging at him, telling him he shouldn't have been taking all of this bullshit in his stride like he had. It would probably hit him like a sack of shit later, but for the moment, he was carrying whatever-the-fuck-that-thing-was because Harrington had asked him to, and that would have to be enough. He knew some shady shit had been going down in Hawkins. It shouldn't have surprised him to see Wheeler and Byers waiting by a clapped out pile of junk of a car, Wheeler visibly wilting in relief when she saw them. Or saw Harrington, anyway.

"Steve!" she said, fluttering anxiously around him, "one got away from us, I'm so sorry, did you - ?" She broke off then, finally noticing Billy was there too. "Why the hell is he here?"

"We uh, happened to bump into each other," Harrington said, and boy, what a shitty liar. "He helped me take these guys out," he shifted

dead thing number two in his arms.

"Yeah, you're welcome for that, by the way," Billy sneered at Wheeler, "Stevie here might not have made it out in one piece if I hadn't been around to do your work for you." The thought set him on edge, for reasons he didn't particularly care to look deeper into.

"I - right." Wheeler said, shooting her new boyfriend a look. He shrugged, and Billy wondered again what the fuck she was doing with that guy when she'd nabbed a dish like Harrington. "Thanks, I guess." She looked back to Steve, "we'd better get moving."

"We're not all going to fit in there," Harrington eyed up the back seat of Byers' car, where three more of the dead things were already stacked up. Jesus, how many of these bitches were there? "We should've brought my car too."

"Not a problem," Billy cut in, "me and Harrington and these two fuckers can go back in my baby."

Wheeler glowered at him again. "Why the hell should we trust you?" She had more guts than people gave her credit for, which Billy could grudgingly respect. Also that hammer she was holding was covered in the same goop as Steve's bat; she obviously knew how to put it to good use.

Before he could reply, Harrington snorted and shook his head. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure he won't tell. He knows what'll happen if he does." He was smiling, the mad bastard, and Billy felt that familiar little kick in his chest that always seemed to come back with a vengeance whenever he caught Harrington doing something a little bit rebellious.

Billy cackled again, didn't really think Harrington had it in him to tell anyone Billy Hargrove liked dick, but a tiny little part of him wasn't stupid enough to push him and risk it. An even smaller part was purring at the thought of sharing the secret with him. "Yeah, King Steve here's got me by the balls," he said, threw Harrington a wink and bit his lip just to be a dick.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Hargrove," he heard Steve mumble.

Wheeler hesitated a moment, shared another one of those oh-so-secret looks with Byers before he nodded - did he ever actually speak? - before she turned back to Billy. "Okay." Then to Harrington, "drop them in the normal place?"

"Yeah," Harrington said, starting to sound a little strained under the weight of the dead thing, "sure thing."

"Okay then," she said, shot Billy one more withering look, "I guess we'll see you guys later."

"Bye," Harrington said, and Byers waved.

"Pleasure talking, Wheeler," Billy drawled, "Byers." He turned before they could say anything, Harrington left with no choice but to follow him for the short walk to the Camaro.

They slung the dead things in the back seat - not before Billy had grabbed an old tarp out of the trunk to put them on though, fuck off were those gross things touching his upholstery. Harrington stayed quiet the whole time, giving one word answers to Billy's intentionally needling chatter when he had to. Even when Billy'd started up the car and they were on the way back, he stayed silent, tense as hell, occasionally shooting Billy a curious little look that Billy really hoped meant what he thought it did. He shelved that for later on though, and asked him the one question he really needed to know the answer to.

"So Harrington, are you gunna tell me what the fuck happened tonight or what?"

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As soon as they'd gotten into Billy's car, Steve was suddenly hyper aware of Billy next to him. His pulse was still thrumming fast and hard in his chest and at his wrists and he could hear it thumping in his ears like it always did after a run in with 'dogs, and he probably wouldn't be sleeping much that night. Lucky then, he thought wryly, he had something else to occupy his mind with. Hargrove looked good. Yeah sure, he always did, but there was something a little more showy about the way he was dressed that night that was getting

Steve all kinds of worked up. The extra jewellery, the shimmer across his cheeks, the touch of eyeliner, even the fucking cheap, strong as fuck cologne he always wore was making Steve feel fidgety. The smudge of demodog blood on his face, the sweat on his neck and his messed up hair only made it worse. Or better, depending on how you looked at it. He dropped his attention away from Billy's face in case he got caught out staring, but it only landed on his thigh instead, denim pulled taught over the soft thickness of muscle, and yeah that wasn't fucking helpful either. Billy was only inches away in the driver's seat, jaw clenched tight and eyes catching Steve's every so often, making him wonder if Billy was just as riled up as he was, though marginally better at hiding it. And yeah okay, Steve had thought about it once or twice, it being guys, and assumed that maybe everybody had those kind of thoughts unintentionally at some point. But then maybe not, because Billy's mouth was pinker than normal, plumped up and shining with *something* that had Steve wondering what it would be like to kiss it. And it was pretty unlikely that was a thought that crossed every guy's mind at some point.

"So Harrington, are you gunna tell me what the fuck happened tonight or what?"

"Right," Steve looked away again, feeling guilty for something he hadn't even done, eyed his fingernails, dark with demodog goo. Gross. "Honestly, I don't even know where to start, man," he slid down in his seat. "I guess just tell me what you wanna know and I'll see if I can answer."

"Alright," Billy seemed thoughtful for a moment. "What the fuck are those things stinking up my back seat right now?"

"Crap," Steve tipped his head back against the headrest and looked at the roof of the car. "So, the kids all call them demodogs..."

It wasn't as bad as Steve had been expecting. Billy was too genuinely curious about it all to remember to be much of a dick. He listened quietly while Steve was talking, thinking it over before asking another question. Steve answered as best he could without giving away the bits he knew he really couldn't talk about, like El's entire existence. He took the story the press had latched onto about the chemical spill bullshit they claimed killed Barb, told him the 'dogs

somehow spawned out of that.

"...and those bastards really don't want it getting out to the public and they don't play nice okay, so don't you dare go fucking mouthing off about it Hargrove," he finished.

"Okay," Billy nodded, tapped his fingers along the steering wheel, "glad we got that all straightened out. Now, are we gunna fuck when we get back or what?"

"I - what?" Steve must have misheard, because no fucking way...

"Don't worry pretty boy, you don't have to answer right away," Billy leered at him, and Steve's eyes tracked the swipe of his tongue across his teeth, "but we're only fifteen minutes out of Hawkins, so you'd better get thinkin'."

The 'usual place' for stashing demodog corpses when there was no time to dispose of them immediately was a shallow cave on the far side of the quarry, the groove in the rocks at such an angle that it was pretty much impossible to find unless you were looking for it. Several times now, they'd had to dump a 'dog or two there in an emergency, and left it to be sorted out properly in the morning. This was definitely one of those times. The three that Nancy and Jonathan had taken care of were already there, the crevice between the rocks starting to look a little full, and damn Billy must have been driving incredibly slowly for his normal standards for the other two to have beaten them there.

Billy had gone back to the car and grabbed the closest demodog body from the back seat before Steve could blink, leaving him standing at the mouth of the cave, busy having a low key freak out over why Billy had purposely dragged out their time in the car. He would have thought it was just because he wanted to squeeze as much about the demodogs and shit out of Steve as he could, but Billy's last question had thrown that right out of the window. Worst thing was, Steve was pretty sure he knew what answer he was going to give. Billy tossed the first body in on top of the others, cutting off Steve's fumbling offer to help, and was back with the second demodog before he could protest any further, dropping it at Steve's feet, smug little tilt to his chin like a cat dropping a dead bird on its owner's lap. *Jesus.*

"Uh, thanks."

"Any time."

Steve jammed the last 'dog in with the rest, shoulder bumping Billy's as he ducked down to help him. Steve pulled away, and thought he heard Billy laughing under his breath. Billy was watching him again when they stood, frowning a little as though Steve was a particularly nasty math problem, but half-smiling, like he knew he'd be able to figure out the answer eventually. It was that little smirk, that confident, challenging, barely there twist of Billy's lip, that finally cemented Steve's decision.

"We'd better go back to my place," he said, voice too loud in the thick silence between the trees, "clean up a little." He gestured to the dark goop all up his arms, but Billy's attention didn't leave his face.

"Not sure Mommy and Daddy would take too kindly to that, Harrington." Moonlight caught on his earring, the flash of teeth as he sneered.

"They aren't home."

Billy blinked. "Then let's go."

Steve had left a few lights on before he'd gone out, knowing that he wouldn't be able to deal with coming home to a dark and empty house after an encounter with some 'dogs. He didn't say anything, just let Billy follow him inside, pointed him in the direction of the bathroom to get the goo off his hands and face. Billy nodded and did as he was told, which Steve might have thought weird if he wasn't too busy worrying about like twelve other things. He went to the guest bathroom, debating whether should shower or not. In the end though, he ended up just splashing water on his face and washing off the blood and dirt, too pent up and eager to get back to Hargrove. Fucking weird.

Billy had already let himself into Steve's bedroom when he found him, barefoot, jacket off and jeans riding low, thumbing through the mess of papers on Steve's desk.

"You've missed the deadline for early application," he said, back still facing Steve "like, by a lot."

"Yeah," Steve said, eyes dragging down the long lines of Billy's shoulders and back, "I know."

Billy tutted, finally turned to face him, smirking and looking perfectly at ease, the bastard, "I thought better of you, King Steve." His eyeliner was smudged after him washing up, but still there, the glitter all but gone. He must have touched up whatever was on his lips though, because no way would that have survived a face wash, and no way were Hargrove's lips that pinked up in real life. Something about the fact that he'd taken the time to primp made Steve feel all pleased and hot. Which it shouldn't, Billy primped for everybody.

"Are we doing this or what?"

"Calm down, sweetheart," Billy sauntered closer, "we got all night."

Steve's only response to that was a choked off sound as Billy crawled into his space, looping his arms around Steve's neck, bare chest against his, and slotting his hips up against Steve's. His mouth dropped open at the contact, nose full of the smell of Billy's hairspray and cologne, waiting for Billy to lean forward and kiss him. But it didn't come. Instead, Billy ducked down to mouth at Steve's neck, nipped at his throat and nosed along his jaw, teasing and dragging it out until Steve lost his patience, grunted in annoyance, took Billy's face between his hands and pulled him up for a kiss. It was hard and messy, all tongues and teeth and a sticky smear of whatever was on Billy's lips, a pleased rumble in Billy's chest as Steve matched him kiss for kiss, not giving way under the hard presses of his mouth.

"Damn, Harrington," Billy said when they pulled apart to breathe, hot on Steve's lips, cigarette smoke and synthetic vanilla from the gloss, "looks the rumours about you were true."

"Mm," honestly Steve couldn't give a fuck about any of that right now, "yeah, whatever. Just, get these off. Hargrove." He tugged at the button of Billy's pants.

"Back to Hargrove now, huh?" Billy laughed, deep and quiet, and

pushed his hands away, rings cool against Steve's fingers. "I got it." He popped open the button and slid the zipper down, Steve immediately slipping his hands under the waistband, down to grab and squeeze at Billy's ass through his underwear. "Jesus, Harrington. If I'd known you were this handsy, I might have hit on you a little sooner."

"Yeah, yeah," Steve reluctantly pulled his hands off the swell of Billy's ass to push his jeans down properly, eye catching on the obvious bulge in his fucking tiny black briefs, the tanned thickness of his thighs. "Who says I'd have said yes?"

"You fucker," Billy said, grinning again, preening under Steve's attention as he stepped out of his jeans and kicked them aside.

"Takes one to know one, dick," Steve said, unable to stop himself smiling back, hauled Billy in close again by taking a handful of his soft ass, cut off his delighted laughter with a biting kiss.

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Billy returned the kiss, happy to bite back, running his teeth over Steve's lower lip, sucking it into his mouth. Under normal circumstances, he would've said it wasn't worth touching up his lips when it was all just going to get kissed off again, but it had been worth it, for the split second Steve's eye had dropped to his mouth when he'd walked into the bedroom. He brought one hand up to the back of Steve's neck to hold him close, tugging at his hair, and Steve tilted his neck back ever so slightly in response. It was just enough for Billy to remember the two little moles on the side of his throat, the ones he'd found himself staring at in English class more times than he could count, so he took advantage of their position and pulled away from Steve's mouth to kiss at them. Steve swore when Billy sucked on the thin skin of his neck, rolled his hips up and into Billy's, and *oh boy*.

"Shit."

"What?" Steve panted into his hair.

"You really are a big boy, huh." He palmed at the fucking big bulge in



the front of Steve's jeans.

Steve groaned, dropping forward to bang his forehead on Billy's shoulder. "We've seen each other shower like a hundred times, Hargrove."

"You've never had a boner in the showers," Billy said, "or not that I've seen anyway."

Steve laughed, low and quiet in his ear. "Shut up."

"So the rumours about this are true too."

"What rumours?"

"That Steve Harrington has a fucking monster in his pants." He grabbed at him again through the denim, running a thumb firmly over the length of his dick, dragged a nail along the zipper. He was suddenly and intensely grateful he hadn't picked up anyone at the bar that night.

"Then quit talking and get it out," Steve said rocked a little into his touch.

"Impatient," Billy said, although honestly he was pretty keen to free the beast too. He kept stroking, one hand on Steve's dick and the other curled hard around his hip when he asked, "what exactly do you want here, Harrington?" He watched the minute twitches of Steve's face as he worked him over, "blow job, hand job, what are we feelin'?"

"Ugh, I don't know man, pretty sure you're the expert here," Steve said through clenched teeth. "Just fucking do *something*, Jesus."

The thought gave Billy pause. Sure, he'd thought about fucking King Steve once or twice, but never with any real intentions behind it, just the normal haze of mouths and bare skin and dicks that came with any dirty daydream. Then he had it. One more rumour about the old King of Hawkins High that he wanted to test drive for himself. He hesitated though, wondering if asking for what he wanted might scare him off. Pretty unlikely given how far they'd already gone and how hard Steve's dick was in his hand, but still. Fuck it, in for a

penny and whatever.

"There's one more thing I am a little curious about," he said, voice purposely rough, kissed soft and quick along Steve's jaw. "I've heard whispers that King Steve's pretty shit hot at eating pussy."

"You want me to suck you off?"

Billy laughed softly, tipping his head up to run his tongue along the part of Steve's lips. "No, pretty boy. I want you to eat me out."

"Oh shit." Steve's dick throbbed under his hand.

"Then maybe if you do a good job, I'll suck you off. Sound good?"

"Fuck," Steve swallowed, eyes blown wide, teeth worrying at his lip. "Yeah. I mean, I've never done that before, but - well obviously I haven't, but - fuck."

"That a yes?" Billy honestly didn't think he'd have minded if Steve said no, which surprised him as much as the next guy. He knew he was throwing him in at the fucking deep end, and there were plenty of other ways Billy could show Harrington a good time.

"Yes. You might have to, y'know," Steve said, gestured awkwardly with his hand, "point me in the right direction a little bit."

Billy snorted. "What, you don't think you can find my asshole by yourself?"

Steve shoved at his shoulder. "That's not what I meant, dickhead."

"I know, baby," Billy said, patted Steve's butt, "now get your pretty ass on that bed so you can eat my pretty ass."

"God, you suck."

"If you're lucky," Billy winked, and pulled away to throw himself onto Steve's unmade bed. "Hurry the fuck up, before we die of old age."

"God, you're pushy," Steve said, smiling, but clearly a bit nervous. How fucking sweet. "Turn over then, asshole."

Billy saluted and folded over onto his front, chest to the mattress and ass up, weight on his elbows and knees.

"Shit," he heard Steve say behind him, mattress dipping as he settled on the bed behind Billy, running a cool hand along the length of Billy's spine and back again, before coming to rest on his butt. The bed frame creaked as Steve shifted, and Billy felt Steve's other hand join the first, kneading at his ass, hot breath over him through the fabric, the tip of Steve's nose then the press of his lips as he mouthed gently at Billy through his underwear. He was unbelievably grateful he'd thought to give himself a quick scrub down in Harrington's fancy bathroom. Not as good as a proper shower, but still. Thank fuck. Just as he was about to snap at Steve to get the fuck on with it, thumbs hooked into his underwear and slid them down just below his ass cheeks, pulled taught and stopping him from spreading his legs any wider.

"Fuck."

"Tell me about it," Steve said, voice hoarse. "What do I...?"

"Start by... just kind of kissing, if you want," Billy said, drawing on what he'd be doing to Steve if their positions were the other way around, "and just, whatever feels right."

"I can't believe I'm literally about to kiss your ass."

"Laugh it up Harrington. If I don't feel your mouth on my ass in the next - *shit!*"

He cut himself off with a groan as he felt Steve ease his cheeks apart, the hot rush of his breath over the exposed skin. Just as Billy had said, Steve started out by scattering kisses all over him, the last right on his hole, making him twitch and gasp and swear into the pillow.

"Shit," Billy said again, fought not to push himself back into Steve's face. He'd barely fucking touched him, and he was panting like a dog already. "That's great baby. Do it again, huh?"

And he did. Kissed at him; soft at first, a little shy, then firmer, more enthusiastic, determined little groans matching Billy's. He flattened

his tongue at Billy's direction, fingertips digging into the meat of his ass as Steve held him open, all hot breath and spit down to his balls and fingernails digging in. Billy talked him through it as best he could - *slow down, speed up, curl your tongue, press in, fuck* - not sure if it was the sensation of it all or just the fact that it was Steve doing it that got him so riled up. A little of both, probably. Either way, he knew he was going to snap or spill pretty soon if they didn't change it up.

"You'd better fucking touch my dick soon or I'll fucking slap you Harrington." He was close, and honestly his impulse control was normally fucking zero, but he didn't want it all over with so quick.

"Mm," was all he got from Steve, the vibration of it running up through his body, and he jerked away.

"Shit, stop," he pulled himself away and rolled onto his back, watching as Steve knelt up, wide eyed and wiping at his chin, the adorable fucking idiot.

"What? Did that suck?"

"Nah," Billy's attention drifted down to the straining front of Steve's jeans, "pretty fuckin' great, for a first timer. Too great, if anything. Didn't want you to make me go off too soon. Now come here." He kicked his underwear off the side of the bed.

Steve did as he asked, pulling that stupid pink shirt off over his head as he went, flung it over his shoulder. And Steve had made a good point earlier, when he'd said they'd seen each other in the showers plenty, but he'd never been able to look so close, to take in the sprinkling of freckles across Steve's shoulders, the darker moles like the ones on his neck dotted over his torso. Billy wanted to kiss each and every one. Fucking sappiest thing he'd ever let himself think. He made up for it by loudly asking -

"Got any lube, Harrington?"

Steve snorted. "I broke up with my girlfriend dickhead, I'm not dead." There was a momentary flare of distress across Steve's face, as though he regretted the flippant words, and after what he'd seen earlier that

night Billy thought he could guess why, but it was gone again just as quick. "Side table. What you got planned, huh?"

"We're going to give that clever tongue of yours a break," Billy said, leant over to rummage around in the side table until he found the small plastic bottle, "and put your fingers to good use instead."

"Fuck."

"Yeah," Billy leant back against the pillows, "now come up here, pretty boy."

Steve did, crawled up until he was looming over Billy, lips parted in silent question, eyes a little glazed over, lingering on where Billy's cock lay hard on his belly. God, Billy just wanted to eat him up. "Hey."

"Hey gorgeous," Billy said, flashed his teeth. "Gimme your hand." Steve did, the other up by Billy's shoulder on the mattress to support himself, and Billy squirted a little lube over his fingers, ran his own hand over them until they were coated in slick. "Same principal as pussy," Billy lowered Steve's hand down to his ass, not quite able to stop himself flinching as he felt the wet pad of Steve's finger on him, "open me up, baby."

"Jesus, Billy," Steve gulped, and Billy watched his throat, wanted to mark it up a little. Maybe later. He pushed a finger in, slow and careful, a real fucking gentleman, and Billy exhaled sharply, grinning, tightened his thighs around Steve. It burned a little; he hadn't had anyone to give him a hand, so to speak, for a long while, and just plain couldn't be bothered to do it himself. But it eased up a little as Steve started to work his finger tentatively in and out, wriggling it around, his face pink as he watched Billy squirm.

"Another one."

"You sure?" Steve's voice sounded wrecked, thin and rasping, "it feels pretty tight - "

"It'll go," Billy said, "promise. Just - do it."

"Kay." He did, the burn coming back, but making Billy's dick leak a

little over his belly. And it hit him then that he hadn't actually seen Harrington's cock yet, which felt like a big fucking rip-off when Billy's had been very much in play the whole fucking time.

"I want to see your dick," he managed to slur out as Steve gently twisted his fingers, "get that big ol' dick of yours out for me, huh baby?"

"God, you're so fucking..." Steve didn't finish his sentence, but sat up a little, brought the hand that wasn't in Billy's ass up to pop open his jeans and shimmy them down a little, monster of a dick straining against his Calvins.

"Nice underwear," he smirked, tapped the head of Steve's dick through the damp fabric, "fancy."

"Behave, or I'm putting it away again."

Billy let out a surprised bark of laughter, moved his hand away. "Fine. Just let me see."

Steve hooked his thumb into the waistband of his briefs, reddish mark left behind on his skin from the elastic. He pulled them down just enough to get his cock out, fabric stretched tight underneath his balls.

"Fuck," Billy said, would deny on his own deathbed how destroyed his voice sounded, "lemme touch you?"

"Yeah," Steve said, "yeah."

Billy squeezed a little more lube out, reached down between his own spread legs to get to Steve, shoulder already protesting at the distance and awkward angle to run his fingers over Steve's dick as best he could, smearing precome over the head, Steve hissing and bucking into the touch. "Put another finger in me."

"Shit," Steve's hips stuttered, "I don't know if I can -"

"Head in the game, King Steve," Billy crooned at him, rocked his ass so Steve's fingers slipped further.

"Asshole." Steve smiled down at him, all fluttery at the edges.

"Yeah."

He eased a third finger in, making Billy pant harder and tense up at the burn, this time managing to press up against that spot that made him jolt and gasp out and his eyes slip shut. "Fuck! King Steve and his fucking long fingers... fuck."

"God, stop calling me that," he heard Steve say, breathy and like he was trying not to smile.

"Nope," he said, gripped Steve's cock harder, ran his closed fist up the whole, hot length of him, thought of that fucking giant up his ass -

"Shit," Steve bucked up into his hand, fingers faltering in their rhythm inside Billy, "I'm going to come if you - fuck - if you keep doing that."

"Is that meant to make me stop?" Billy said, reached further down still, arm aching, to tug gently at his balls, "'cause that sure as shit won't work, Stevie boy."

"Alright, baby," Steve said, suddenly sounding a lot smoother than he should have done with Billy's hand on his dick, "then you're coming with me."

"What-? Oh, fuck!"

Steve's hand was on his dick, a little rough and kind of clumsy, thumb bumping against the head and Steve's palm a touch too dry, fingers making a valiant effort to keep up the rhythm in his ass. It was off-kilter and unexpected and perfect, Steve's long hand working his cock and his fingers hitting that spot inside him again - probably just by luck, but Billy wasn't going to split hairs over it - and Steve looking down at him with his pretty mouth slack, eyes darting between Billy's flushed face and chest and dick, his own cock twitching in Billy's palm.

He came, quick and hard all up his belly and chest, panting out Steve's name and clenching down on his hand.

#

Steve was in a daze while Billy jerked him off; his hands hot and rough and a little fumbling after coming. The whole evening had put him in a fucking spin, from chasing the demodogs to the awkward car ride and now this, so wrung out and in total bliss he could barely form a thought, never mind a word, while Billy's fingers were on him, twisting and stroking, voice slow and deep and rasping as he talked Steve up to the edge.

"Come for me, gorgeous."

Funny, that all of the things Billy had said to him so far, that was the thing to tip him over.

Steve slumped forward after he came, Billy softly working him through the last of it as he panted into Billy's neck, kissed and mouthed at his collar bone, nipples, any part he could reach, felt Billy's breath hitch underneath him. A hand came up to thread through Steve's hair, ruffling it, tangling loosely and catching in the slight stiffness left behind by his hairspray.

When he'd regained his breath a little, Steve propped himself up on his elbows, looked down at Billy underneath him. His eyes looked bluer, still blown wide, and with the dark outline pencilled around them. There was a tiny smudge of it on Steve's pillow.

"Shit, Harrington," Billy said, one hand still in Steve's hair and the other rubbing at the small of his back.

"Mm," Steve said, ducked down to steal a quick, dry-lipped kiss. "Thought you said you'd suck my dick."

Billy snorted. "I don't think either of us have got that left in us right now. Besides, we gotta leave something for next time, sweetheart."

### **Author's Note:**

My Tumblr is [eatingmoonflowers](#) - I don't post an awful lot of Harringrove, but I would really like to talk to people about prettied up Billiam, because it's seriously lacking.